

The Toike Oike



Warning! This issue contains a high concentration of Jonathan Asmis. Please keep away from pacemakers, peacemakers, and the German government.



The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

VOLUME XCVIII — ISSUE VIII — APRIL 2008

B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto ON M5S 3G4

tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
<http://toike.skule.ca>
e-mail: toike@skule.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Amanda Bell

LAYOUT EDITOR Emilie Hudson

HEAD GRAPHICS EDITOR Thomas Parker VII

COPY EDITOR Youki Tanaka

WEBMASTER Stella Woo

DISTRIBUTION Silly Frosh

& Me

HEAD WRITER Aaron Peever

STAFF WRITERS Luke Helt
Aaron Shindman
Luca Gerace
Peter Raimondo

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS Ryan Bradley
Eugene Chao
Tyler Irving
Gian Mele
Allison McPhail
Navid Nourian
David Novati

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS Aaron Shindman
Lian Ni
Navid Nourian

PRINTER Weller Publishing Inc.
AD PLACEMENT Campus Plus Advertising

SPECIAL THANKS TO

My bitchin' staff, writers, and readers. You guys are pretty sick. In the cool, 2006 way, not the fluey April 2008 way. But maybe both.

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using three bitchin' PCs and a Mac. Often, they will engage in pretentious arguments over who has better features and is easier to use. When the dust settles, the result is a veritable "Odd Couple" of cross-compatibility. Sometimes, it looks retarded.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is an STD caused by the spirochetal bacterium *Treponema pallidum* subspecies *pallidum*. The route of transmission of the Toike is almost always through sexual contact, although there are examples of transmission from mother to child in utero. The symptoms of the Toike are numerous; in fact, the Toike was once dubbed the "Great Imitator" because it was often confused with other newspapers, particularly in its tertiary stage.

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring the pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.

EDITORIAL

Dearest Readers,

Spring has sprung and exams are right around the corner. Actually, half of that's a lie, because it started to snow one week into April. Gone are my fantasies of picnicking 'neath the engorged testes of the Queen's Park horse, or playing frisbee dangerously close to wedding party photographs. Instead of sunshine to quell my pre-exam-week fears, I will be trudging over ice to study in the GB lab among 40 Asians who are inexplicably playing Warcraft at 3am on a Tuesday.

Marker Mystery Puzzlers, but then again, those were easier to cheat). I haven't studied because *everyone else* said that Indy was simple! Yes, that must be it - I've been deluded, and it's everyone's fault but mine. I'm a product of my environment, poor and pitiable.

In this mindset, and relieved of my responsibility to my academic wellbeing, I conducted some field research into what others do in this sorry situation. My research, which consisted primarily of getting tanked at Suds and following people home, yielded some interesting results. One couple, who I overheard complaining about exams, unknowingly led me to their dorm room where my vigilant spycraft finally paid off. I could hear through the drywall the triumphant cries of "Oh my god, yes, oh my lord, yes!" which I conclusively interpreted as conclusive evidence that religion is the key to my problems, conclusively.

This one woman's exuberant praying has convinced me that I can somehow combat my academic woes with the power of religion. Whether this means bringing an "altered" bible to exams or simply inventing a holiday and crying until the prof excuses me, I haven't decided yet.

On a cliched note, I'd like to thank everyone who has made this year a success, and all the lovely people who still read this fine publication. That makes you pretty alright by me. Have a great summer!

Amanda Bell
Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dearest readers,

In honour of our last issue, I present the unaltered transcript of an email sent from one of our staff writers to what he assumed was my utoronto email. It was not.

From: Aaron Shindman
To: amanda.bell@utoronto.ca
Subject: QUICK! THE SPAINS INSIDE!

Hey slut,
When's your play? Also where is it? Also is it free because if it is that's a huge Jew bonus. Oh yeah, and what's the title?
-Aaron

From: amanda.bell@utoronto.ca
To: Aaron Shindman

WHO ON EARTH DO YOU THINK I AM?????!!? YOU OBVIOUSLY SENT THIS EMAIL TO THE WRONG PERSON. DON'T YOU EVER EMAIL ME AGAIN AND USE SUCH VULGAR LANGUAGE TO ADDRESS ANY WOMAN!

From: Aaron Shindman
To: toike@skule.ca

Hey Amanda,

You're not funny.

-Aaron

Why was the Stolen Toike so short? I'm so disillusioned.

Adie D.

Dear Adie,

You see, while the Stolen Toike talks big game, they underestimate the amount of rage, embezzlement, and James Ready that goes into the making of every month's Toike. The length of the narmal Toike is due to a carefully engineered combination of adjusted font sizes and margins, similar to the way the average engineer makes a 6-page Arts Elective essay out of a 400 word wikipedia article the night before. It's a carefully perfected science,

and usually results in a newspaper. But sometimes not for a week or two.

Amanda B.

Dear Editor,

What discipline should I go into?

147 Panicking Track Ones

Dearest PTOs,

You got yourselves into this mess - allow me to get you out of it. All of you will go into Indy (along with the failing EngScis) and you have no choice in the matter. See the soft cushy course load? Don't resist its seductively user-friendly pull.

Mech is okay too, I guess.

Ananda

The only thing better than an April Toike is the news that your final exam has been cancelled and the faculty has rented a Snowcone machine to console the devastated students.

We're done for the year! This section (which usually contains the only true information in the Toike) has been replaced by filler.

Filler, filler, filler. Isn't it glorious? Like a disgruntled TA, it's all sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Questions? Letters? Get the Shakespeare reference?
Email toike@skule.ca



University of Toronto Students' Union

NEWS BRIEFS

New Growth

PITTSBURGH, USA - Pigs don't sweat, get to play in the mud all day, reportedly have orgasms that last for tens of minutes, and now, they are even more awesome. According to scientists at the University of Pittsburgh's McGowan Institute of Regenerative Medicine, powder made from their bladders can be used to regrow human tissue. One man has even regrown his fingertip, nail and all! I don't know about you, but this Toike author is currently headed to Pittsburgh with his short penis. Should the powder only work on open wounds, he's willing to be re-circumcised.

ShomWow!

MIAMI, FL - Vince Shlomi, the ShomWow! and Slap Chop guy, was arrested in Miami after hiring a hooker (ShamHot!) who bit his tongue and would not let go during a passionate make out session. It has been reported that she did not love his nuts (as was advertised) and that trying to slap troubles away is, in fact, assault. The good news is that ShomWow! soaked up the blood faster than a regular paper towel making for a quick clean up after the messy affair. However, with half a tongue, Vince will no longer be saying "Wow" every time.

Brown Physicists Discover Gravity, Spicy Food

Brown University Press Release: Finally catching up with the rest of the world, physicists in Providence, Rhode Island, have determined that the force that causes the Earth to rotate around the sun is the same force responsible for causing chili peppers to fall off vines. This discovery comes hot on the heels of the observation of a 9th planet, named 'Pluto' by the Brown Physicists, and the discovery of the wheel. While most western physicists acknowledge these discoveries as major milestones, they are still not ready to purchase a Tata Nano.

Paralympian Tests Positive for Four Working Limbs

An Austrian Paralympic skier has been barred from any future international competition after a random reflex test revealed that his number of functioning limbs exceeds the International Paralympic Committee's maximum allotment of three. Baron Von Krautermeyer, 32, of Vienna, will no longer be able to compete in the upcoming 2010 Paralympic Games in Vancouver after simultaneously swatting away a volleyball with one hand, talking on the phone with the other, and doing the Charleston. Von Krautermeyer is the first athlete to fail the "Think Fast" test, since it was implemented to crack down on cheating. Von Krautermeyer was heavily favoured to win gold in all of his events at the upcoming games, but the positive test results have derailed those plans of Paralympic glory. The Austrian skier, who bears a slight resemblance to Sigmund Freud, was not available for comment as he was busy practicing for his new passion: competitive jumping jacks.



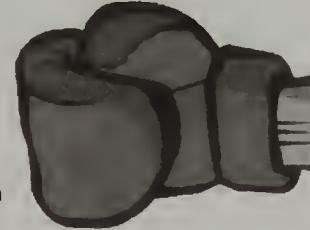
Rihanna's IQ

is

53

Can you beat her?

(Chris Brown can.)



How to commit all 7 deadly sins at once

Also known as the finer things in life, the seven are: Pride, Envy, Lust, Avarice, Wrath, Sloth, and Gluttony. While often avoided for fear of retribution, committing all seven at once is a task every true sociopath should attempt at least once.

Steps

1. Notify the Guinness book of world records that you would like to beat the record for greatest number of successful sessions of masturbation in a week.
2. Find an exceedingly handsome orphan with prodigal intellect who will likely overcome adversity and be far more successful than you in every aspect of life.
3. Starve the orphan while you wait for the Guinness judges to arrive.
4. Commence hardcore pornography. If you are not comfortable, make the orphan kneel down so you can put your legs up. In fact, do that even if you are already comfortable.
5. Start eating lobster and caviar, and drink champagne with your available hand, even if you are not hungry. Do not share with the orphan. Kick him when he asks for some lobster or complains about his situation. He should be happy that you're putting a roof over his head and spending time with him.
6. When the Guiness judges arrive, convince them to invest in the poor child's future by making cash donations towards his medical school tuition/dancing lessons/Stradivarius...whatever is most plausible. Once they leave, put the money in your pocket and dismiss the child - you've finished!

Tips

- Relax and it will come naturally

Warnings

- You will probably go to hell

Things You'll Need

- An exceedingly handsome and intelligent orphan
- A computer (with Internet)
- About 20 cooked lobsters
- Garlic butter
- Caviar
- Champagne
- Commando boots
- Guinness Judges
- A comfortable chair

Related wikiHows

- How to confess to a priest
- How to talk to small children
- How to love a newborn baby

-Bryan Thompson

The Toike Presents: An Engineering Heritage Minute

April 8, 2002 - Fresh-faced and bright-eyed, new frosh Jonny Asmis and several of his friends jump up on the bar at Suds and declare their intention to overthrow Engsoc. The campus police quickly arrive and arrest the putschers, who spend the next four years behind bars.



-Navid Nourian

A Part of Our Heritage

BEER • WINGS • POOL • JAVA
SPORTS • JUKEBOX • SPIRITS
EVEN TS • OPEN STAGE



Your suds
away from Suds
since 9T6!

Weekly Events:

Man vs. Martini
MONDAY

Toonie TUESDAY

All-U-Can-Eat Pasta &
Open Mike
WEDNESDAY
HOW PODCAST
From our website

Thirsty
THURSDAY

ApresSuds
FRIDAY
(entertainment rewards 7-9pm)

Live Music
SATURDAY

Free Pool & Comedy
SUNDAYS
PODCASTING AS HOGTOWNCOMEDYRADIO
(available at 7:30pm)

All Day Breakfast and
Canadian Tire Money at par
every weekend!

Game Room with plasma
available for groups

FREE WIRELESS INTERNET
PROVIDED BY:

Computer Systems Centre



229 COLLEGE STREET
416/59-STEIN
WWW.EIN-STEIN.CA

Welcome to Heaven

Excuse me, sir. Does a velvet rope mean nothing to you? It means back the hell off. I'll let you in when we're good and ready for you. Look, I don't have to take this kind of abuse from you. I can go in and out of there whenever I want, dick around on any cloud I want, and eat all the Kraft Dinner I want. It's you who needs me to get in. Now how about you just stand here and wait until we want to let you in. Patience is a virtue, motherfucker.

No, there are no dogs allowed inside. That was just a movie and it didn't even make any sense.

What is there to do? Seriously? You're moments away from getting into Heaven and you are worried about boredom? Jesus Christ, you're selfish. No, not you. Sorry. Forgive me? Awesome. I love that about him.

Come to think of it, I think we may have an old ping pong table kicking around here. We used to play a lot, but kind of gave up after losing the championship to the guys down south. They had all Asians on their squad, so obviously, we had no chance. I mean, a little divine intervention wouldn't have hurt, but I guess that wasn't part of His plan. Oh well.

Oh yeah, "He" spends a lot of His time up here. I mean He makes the odd appearance in a sandwich or seat cushion, but for the most part, He just relaxes and enjoys retirement. A word of advice: don't make eye contact with Him. If you do, he can see all the sins you committed and it gets really awkward. That's why I wear these shades. No. They're mine.

Oh, and one more thing: be literally just heard about Two Girls One Cup last week, so if you see him walking around with his laptop, you better act grossed out. It's not that easy being omniscient and knowing everything about the entire universe. There's little surprise in that. So it's nice to see Him genuinely amazed by something. Don't ruin that for us.

Confession? Sorry, pal, we don't have anyone here who can listen to your confessions. All the priests are, uh, you know, "down there." Don't you read the papers?

Welcome to Hell

Well hello there, we've been expecting you. This? Oh well, this is Hell, my naive friend, and it is where you will be spending an eternity. I don't know specifically why you're here but you must have done something wrong while you were alive to end up with me. Oh yeah, I should mention: you're dead. You died. From the looks of you, you didn't go peacefully. But I guess it's better to go down in a blaze of glory and have it be front page material than to die alone watching M*A*S*H re-runs and not have anyone give a shit.

But now we're wasting time. We've got plenty of work and torture ahead of us and we really mustn't delay. Where should you put your luggage? You won't really need any luggage here. Just as long as you're wearing the soiled underpants you died in, that should be sufficient.

Now if you'll just follow me I can give you a little tour of our humble abode of the damned. Over there on your left is the river Styx. Some truly evil salmon spawn up that river every year. It's really a marvel of nature to watch those horned fish gracefully jump from the water and shout a racial epithet before re-submerging. I've spent many a night reflecting upon the shores of that river. Wondering what could have been, if I had just kept my ego in check. But I digress.

That's really pretty much all there is to the tour. We used to have a ping pong table but Genghis Khan destroyed it after losing a tight match against Attila the Hun. I think we have one paddle kicking around somewhere if you want to play alone.

On Wednesdays we have devilled eggs for breakfast, which is nice. I'm also thinking about starting a book club if I can get enough copies of Twilight down here. You know, people say that Stephanie Meyer is a terrible writer, but I just don't see it. She's writing for a new generation of people who don't want to be bogged down with "style" or "metaphor" or "subtleties." It's like 'can we please just read a story without having to think about all that pesky meaning and subtext.' She gets it. She really does.

Anyways, I think another wave of recruits has just arrived. OH! I love this. One of them is about to say "What the -?" and I really like interrupting by saying "Hell? Exactly?" It makes me seem so omniscient. It's really just a timing thing though. I've got to go right now, or I won't make it. Oh yeah, rent is due on the first, and Mephisto over here will be inserting and reinserting razor-blades into your skin until the end of time. Ta-Ta!

-Aaron Peever



Several Deadly Orifices

- Paris Hilton's Vagina
- Wood Chipper
- Electric Pencil Sharpener
- Feed Tube on your Food Processor
- Orfus Road
- Turbines
- Broken Light Socket
- Fire ant colony
- Freddie Mercury's anus
- Entrance to Schrödinger's Box (50% of the time)

Hell for Other People

As anyone worth being the salt of the earth knows, Hell is a very real and terrifying place that the LORD OUR GOD created to punish sinners and Muslims. As a fiery conglomeration of each person's worst fears and terrors, Hell is different for each person—after all, while being tied up and bukkaked for eternity may be an excellent punishment for an Englishman, one could hardly expect it to do for the Japanese. As a public service to you, our dear readers, we have complied a short sample of what one can expect of Hell based on the average punishments meted out to your particular ethnicity—since, as everyone knows, your color pretty much determines what GOD thinks of you.

White Hell:

Though it's considerably rarer for members of GOD's chosen color to end up in Hell, (After all, Jesus was white) it's an unfortunate reality that does occur (See: Darwin, Charles). As a white

person, Hell is like being alternating between playing basketball and being stuck in a rap video. For the rest of eternity, you will find that you can't jump, can't dance, and you can't understand a thing anybody around you is saying. Oh, and you get mugged everywhere you go. Plim-plizze ma nizzle be chilly da grilly fo sho.

Black Hell:

Lincoln dies in his sleep April 13th, 1861. Robert E. Lee crushes the Union forces at Gettysburg and goes on to take Washington, forcing surrender and submission from the north. De masas chains be heavy.

Native Hell:

You will live an eternal cycle where you are slowly forced off all of your land and your food is shot to extinction for sport and you will be reduced to gambling and alcoholism and prostituting your culture for tourists in the form of

"authentic dances" and dreamcatcher knick-knacks. Ob, and you fight Custer over and over again, but this time he's a 1000/1000 first strike trample unlockable with protection from Red.

Asian Hell:

You and the endless supply of your overpopulated Yellow brethren will be addicted to Opium while building railroads that stretch out forever. You will be addressed alternately as Wing, Wong, and Chan, regardless of your actual name. All around you will be beautiful white women whom you will never work up the courage to talk to, staring at the ground while large, muscular blondes fuck their brains out. Oh, and you have a tiny, tiny, itsy-bitsy penis.

Brown Hell:

God is white, and there are no virgins.

-Eugene Chao

the Toike presents: the 7 Deadly Disciplines

PRIDE



EngSci

To Drop or Not to Drop?

Anyone at Skule can tell you that engineering at U of T is hell. But the EngScis have worked to make their own private hell exponentially worse, and they're proud of it. They love to flaunt how much heavier their coarse-load is and how much harder their problem sets are. And everyone hates them for it, yet pities them at the same time. No matter how many people tell them to drop out, they just can't abandon the masochistic EngSci life. We all wonder why anyone would ever willingly submit themselves to the torture that is EngSci. The truth is that EngScis are all afflicted with superiority complexes. No sin is as satisfying for an EngSci as that of proudly rubbing in the fact that he has withstood far more pain than any mere normal engineer should ever endure. Of course, when they finally realize that EngSci will never have meaning anywhere outside of Skule, they can always look forward to another four years or so of grad school. But don't worry about your future, you still have your pride... right?

ENVY



The CIV

Chem Eng
Kryptonite

Chemical engineering is the one saving grace of Skule; a refuge for all those horny engineers who think they can escape their awkward high school past. It's the one discipline with more women than men, but really this is just a siren song, a serious warning that the inexperienced frosh need to recognize.

Behind the women and the faint chance of sex, there are six hour labs in second year, ten hours of consecutive Friday classes in first year, and the list goes on and on. That's right, the sexual frustration is worsened by the enormous workload. Chemical engineering, come for the women, stay for the work....and the drugs.

Or, you could always just transfer into culinary school.

Size Matters

It's inevitable.

There comes a point in every Civil Engineer's life when they stop and realise, "My god. I've just spent an entire semester in a class called 'Concrete'. I am the most worthless engineer out there." But it's not just the Civil engineer's inherent sense of self-loathing that drives them to overcompensate, it's Envy.

Knowing that it's too late to switch into a less "stationary" degree, they attempt to excise their jealousy by building the most visible, oversized monuments to inadequacy known to man. It's not a new practice; even the ancient greek civil engineers knew that their girthy columns would last thousands of years longer than the military structure the ancient Indys thought up. Of course, they still had to deal with envy, since no one invites brickheads to the good orgies.

LUST



The CHEM

GREED

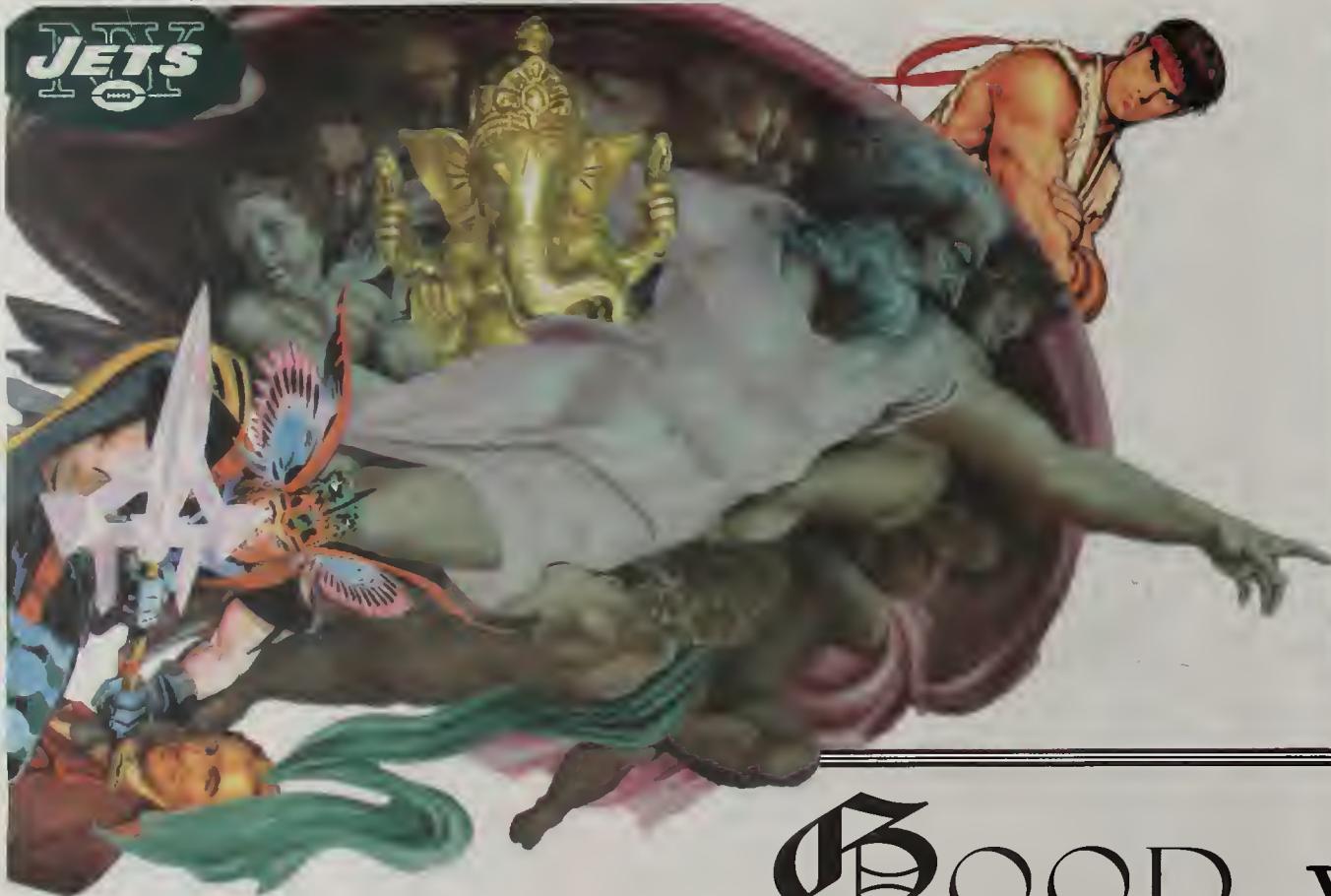


The MIN

Ooh, Shiny!

Even the mins themselves admit it: they love shiny rocks. As greedy as any magpie, mins have the strategic brilliance to choose a discipline that practically guarantees they will receive scholarships all four years, followed by high-paying jobs devoted to robbing the planet of natural resources.

As far as a mineral engineer is concerned, greed is not a sin. It's a lifestyle. Collecting valuable rocks and shit-loads of money is the be-all and end-all for a Min. And you can't really blame them for it. Five years after graduating, when we're all busy paying off student loans and working to calculate the perfect shade of blue for a website background from our little cubicles, we'll be kicking ourselves for not having gone into Min when we had the chance.



GOOD VS.

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE

THOMAS PAIN

VS.

T-PA

RYU

VS.

K

THE BRAVE LITTLE TOASTER

VS.

TRASH COMPACT

SUPERMAN

VS.

LEX LUTH

MOZART

VS.

WAGN

P. DIDDY

VS.

PUFF DADD

JETS

VS.

SHAR

BOB VS. HEXADECIMAL
OLYMPUS MONS VS. THE MONS PUBIS
NEWTON VS. LIEBNIZ
APERTURE SCIENCE VS. BLACK MESA
SPERM VS. STOMACH ACID

vs EVIL

PAIN
KEN
TOR
HOR
HNER
DDY
ARKS



WRATH

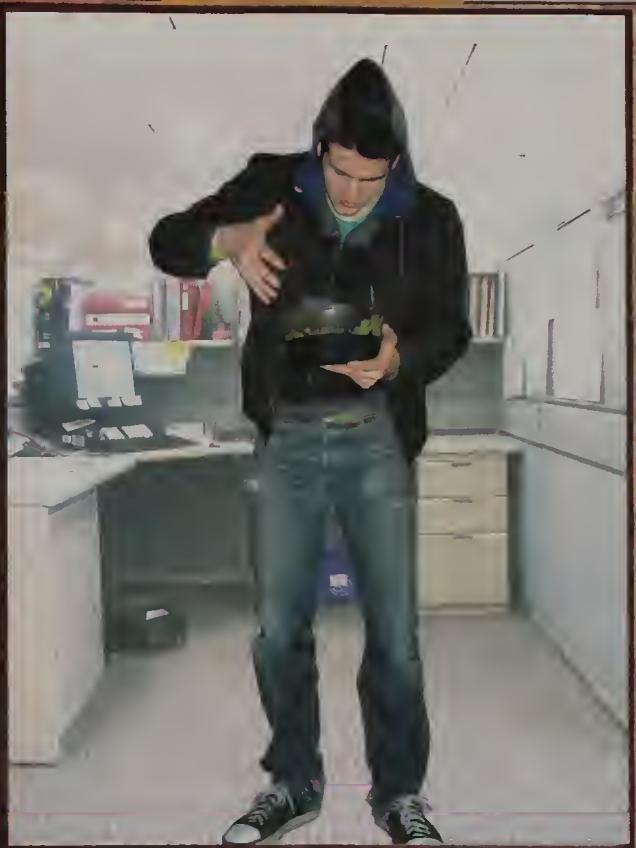


The MSE Wrath: The MSE's Greatest Weakness

There is a fine line between justified rage and sinful wrath, MSEs know all too well how easy it is to cross that line. You work for years to perfect a new material, then watch as someone snaps it up for their own project as you make the final touches on a strain drawing no one will ever see. The Mech gets the credit for incorporating it into their re-designed shoe sole, while you quietly seethe and move on to your next supermaterial.

Just remember: getting angry may be a deadly sin, but getting even isn't!

GLUTTONY



The ECE

Gluttons
for Punishment

The gluttony of the ECE is likely the most tragic of all the disciplinary sins, because it's a sin that creeps up like a Ninja Druid with level 8 Stealth. Even the most earnest, health conscious ECE will eventually fall prey to the temptation of gluttony.

All the activities of the ECE - the long hours programming, the 8-hour black box analysis sessions, even the late night DotA missions in Galbraith Lab - all require quick and readily available sustenance. Their diet soon becomes a short-list of the high-caffeine energy-boosters banned by the FDA, and those suckers are hella addictive.

This is the tragic backstory of every grease-sweating nerd who has had their picture turned into a motivational poster by the dedicated frequenters of 4chan. Pity the poor ECE, or at least give him a carrot stick.

SLOTH

MIE:
The Laz-E-Boys

As an animal, Sloth is a not-so-cute and cuddly bastard that will steal your soul and send you to burn in Hell. As a discipline, it's just as horrid. The Mechs and Indies tout the number of assignments they receive right before the end of each term like Christ's cross, but this is a clever and devious tactic to cover up what 95% of MIE life is really like.

The MIE classes (the few they actually attend) are filled with snoozing slobs, who haven't done a single problem set on their own since the first week of their first year. The students don't even unwrap their required textbooks, opting to use them as a footrest while playing Euchre. By the end of first year, the MIE has convinced himself that he only needs to pass - the bare minimum will suffice.



The MIE

Bonus Sin:

INDECISION



Track 1

The Big Decision

Indecision is well-recognised as a heinous act of evil because those not part of the solution are part of the problem. The greatest concentration of indecisive engineers is found in Track One, the program created solely for students too sinful to choose a discipline. Repent ye weak-willed F!rosh!

Engineers are the people who keep this world running, but without specialized training they are little better than Artsies with extra knowledge. You're better off taking a shot in the dark and choosing a discipline; that's what the rest of us did before Track One anyway.

God's Most Frivolous Creations

- EngSci
- Platypus
- Doilies
- Pants
- Grades
- Fuzzy dice
- Chia pets
- Facebook
- Women
- Temporary tattoos
- Youtube comments
- Truck nuts
- The bidet

The BFC Unveils their Latest Daring Prank



Base-Jumping!

Engsoch Shakes Up Orientation

Toronto (Toike) – Spring has sprung and exams are just around the corner, so you know what that means – it's time to plan next year's orientation. But this year's orientation is turning out to be a lot different from previous years, thanks to a new push by Engsoch for changes. Incoming Reichschancellor and recently self-appointed orientation chair Jon Asmis talked to the Toike about this new orientation, though in fairness we pretended to be from a different newspaper.

"It gives me great pleasure to announce the first ever Aryantation Week", Asmis said. "This is the next step in frosh weeks, emphasizing the unity and superiority of Engsoch. I should explain that I had to step in to assume the duties of Aryantation chair after the previous chair went 'missing' [bis air quotes]."

Much like the recent council amendments, Aryantation introduces many changes to the traditional orientation week. For instance, there is now only one frosh group, and it is not a Greek letter. We can't say what it is, but let's just say it's brought to you by the letter 'U'... four times. Also out are the iconic yellow hardhats issued to engineering frosh, to be replaced by read-and-white armbands, with your frosh group's symbol on them.

Also take note of the following lesser changes (that's right, now we recycle content from other columns in the same issue):

- Dyeing will still take place, but we will be dying ourselves white(er).
- The matriculation ceremony will now consist of Jon Asmis giving a speech for two hours. Attendance is mandatory for all frosh, leaders and even the faculty.
- Lunch is now pork. Those who cannot eat the lunch should immediately inform their frosh leader so they can be taken to the alternative lunch area.
- Campus tours are being replaced with formation marching practice, to be used during the downtown walka round. Practice will be led by Jon "No Knees" Asmis.
- Most of the week's events will be replaced by one large building event. Truckloads of lumber and huge rolls of barbed wire have already started to arrive on front campus. Reichschancellor Asmis would not tell us what the object would be, but only said that "It isn't a summer camp."

Quite possibly the most noticeable change to those on the outside, the engineering cheer has been rewritten. At right are the old and new versions for comparison.

Engsoc Pushes Through Last Minute Changes

TORONTO (Toike) – What was supposed to be the last official meeting of the sitting Engineering Society, normally just a formality, has resulted in tidal changes to how the society is organized and run. What is worrying to many is that all changes were introduced by the outgoing president, Jonathan Asmis, and passed unanimously by the council. The biggest change, and the most surprising one, is the elimination of the position of President, to be replaced with the position of Reichschancellor. Also, this new position is not elected and has been claimed for eternity by Mr. Asmis. Going along with this, council is also no longer elected but appointed directly by the Chancellor. All director decisions can be vetoed by the Chancellor, who also has sole signing and decision authority over Society funds.

Also take note of the following lesser changes:

- The Engineering Society name remains, but is now abbreviated as Engsoc, which is somewhat perplexing as 'society' doesn't have an 'H' in it.
- The Skule census is now mandatory for all members to fill out and is no longer anonymous. The position of ombudsman has been eliminated and is now filled by Jon Asmis.
- The Cannon's monthly officer messages have been replaced by a single Voice of the Fatherland column by Jon Asmis. Also, all articles, ads and letters to the editor must be approved directly by him.
- All Toike Oike staff have been declared personae non gratae. Society members who come upon one of them are encouraged to "purify the state", whatever that may mean. Actually, I probably shouldn't be reporting this one.
- The Brute Force Committee (BFC) has been brought under the jurisdiction of the Chancellor and is now known as the Super Secret Society (SSS). They're secret pranking role has been replaced with a new secret role that Mr. Asmis has not let be known.
- All meetings, club events, spirit events and classes must now start with a mandatory loyalty oath to the Society and Jon Asmis.

A reorganization of this magnitude is unheard of in Engsoc history, or world history for that matter. These changes point to a new era on the horizon for Engsoc, though no one knows what the future may hold. And now a message from Jon Asmis:

Guten Tog everyone,

Our Society comes from greatness, but we have suffered these lost years. Enemies of our stote, both from within and without, have been poisoning us. It is our duty to cast them out, to seize the reins, to bring us back to our former glory! We are chief among the engineering societies of the world, and our place as leader will be secured!

It is your duty to pledge your body and mind to the cause; through the blood and sweat of our people will we rise up and take our rightful place. Your eyes must stay focused and your hearts pure. Do not succumb to the libellous whisperings of those opposed to a greater Engsoc, they care for only themselves and their vile kind.

Prepare for the storm, for change, for toil and labour for our people! We will achieve greatness together, for all the society! It is our imperative and our duty!

CAPS LOCK ON!

OUR TIME HAS COME AND OUR CAUSE IS JUST! TOGETHER WE WILL ACHIEVE GREATNESS! THOSE WHO STAND IN OUR WAY WILL BE TRAMPLED AND OUR ENEMIES SCATTERED BEFORE US!

PREPARE FOR AN ENGSOC THAT WILL LAST A THOUSAND YEARS!

HEIL ME!

Alles Liebe,
Jon Asmis

-Alex Shenkin

Old Cheer

Who are we?
Engineers

What do we drink?
Beer

Who do we love?
Nurses

Who do we hate?
Artsies

Who's in charge?
We don't know

New Cheer

Who are we?
The master race

What do we drink?
White Power

Who do we love?
Each other

Who do we hate?
[REDACTED]

Who's in charge?
Der Fuehrer!

-Alex Shenkin

Saturday Night

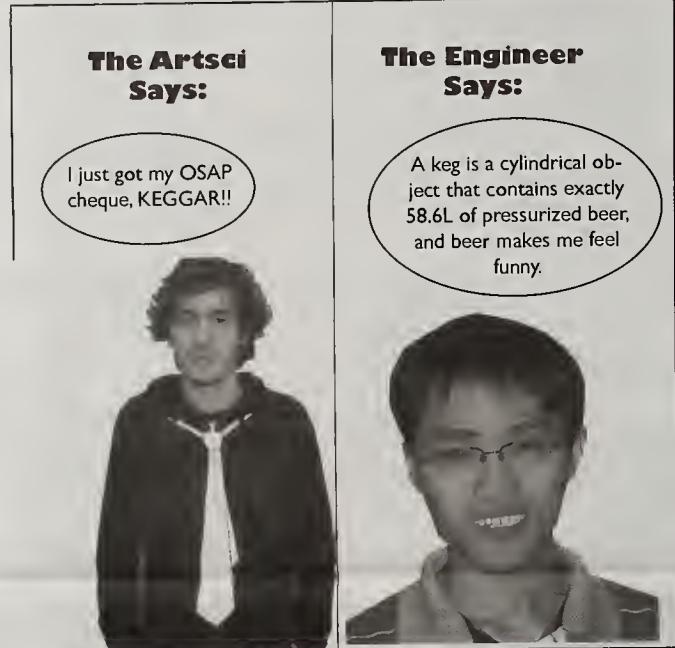
I had a dream while at the bar, and that dream was tender, loving, caring, vaginal intercourse. It's what we're all looking for after we've had a couple beers, right fellas? Unfortunately, picking up women while drunk is an awful lot like grocery shopping while drunk - you always come home with some shit you don't need. Still, I was determined, and so, before the end of the night, I took a girl home, or, to be more fair, I took one for the team, or, to be more fair, I took what I could get.

Now, I don't mind fucking a fat chick, but you've got to admit things are a bit ridiculous if you're pushing through rolls and run out of dick before you get to the good part. Still, I was determined. Maybe I could get by if I just squirted some lube on her and started thrusting in the general direction of her sex. No, I quickly decided against that, thinking it was likely to feel like an awful lot like the time I tried to masturbate with a loaf of Wonderbread. Seriously, how was there more than three inches between us when I was flat on top of her? Uh oh, I thought, maybe she's pregnant. No, I quickly decided against that, thinking that it made no sense. I mean, look at her. No one got her pregnant.

She reminded me of the sexy slavery scene in Return of the Jedi, only she looked more like Jabba the Hutt than Leia. Still, I was determined, and so removed the bag from her face and decided to try for oral sex. While vaginas don't have teeth, the ones attached to larger women can rarely provide the suction their mouths can. They inhale EVERYTHING. Despite this, after 10 minutes of the most awkward oral sex of my life, I was just about ready to give up on my dream from the bar.

Then, finally, the lights came back on in my apartment, revealing that my girlfriend for the past 60 minutes had been, in fact, a throostenbagen beanbag chair recently delivered from IKEA. It turns out that the girl I had picked up at Jack Astor's was passed out on my couch. At exactly 9:32 pm on Saturday, March 28, 2009, I supermanned that ho and promptly passed out myself. Another Earth Hour for the books.

- Luke Helt



-Gian Mele

Toike Oike Guide to Arcane Exam Rules

If you vomit on your exam, you get 0. However . . . If someone else vomits on your exam, you automatically get 80%

If the TA union goes on strike in the middle of the exam, everyone automatically gets 75%

If you write your exam during a federal election, you can use your exam as a ballot, and you get an extra 5% if your candidate is elected.

If you write your exam in French, you get full credit, but on your transcript, the entry for that course will appear with Astérix next to it.

If you write your answers in binary, you get either 100% or nothing.

If you write your answers in blood, you get 100%, but you lose your soul.

If you write your answers upside down or backwards, you get the inverse of the mark you would normally have received. However, you can counter this by only looking at your results in a mirror.

And lastly, if you write "Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, 8, A, Select Start" on the first page before you enter your name, you get 30 chances to finish the exam.

Good luck, kids!

- Tyler Irving



Government of Canada Gouvernement du Canada



Important Notice for Students with Student Loans

Are you graduating or taking more than six months off from school?

If you are not returning to full-time studies this fall, you will need to contact us to discuss repayment options:

- Call the National Student Loans Service Centre at 1-888-815-4514 (TTY for the hearing impaired: 1-888-815-4556).

If you think you might have trouble paying back your integrated student loan, there are programs available to help you stay on track.

Ask about the repayment options available to you. For example, the new Repayment Assistance Plan will ensure the federal portion of your payments will never be higher than what you can reasonably afford.

Visit the **Spotlight On** section of CanLearn.ca for details.

Avis important aux étudiants qui ont un prêt d'études

Tu termines tes études ou tu les interromps pendant plus de six mois ?

Si tu ne retournes pas aux études à temps plein l'automne prochain, tu dois communiquer avec nous afin de discuter des options de remboursement.

- Appelle le Centre de services national de prêts aux étudiants, au 1-888-815-4514 (télécopieur pour malentendants : 1-888-815-4556).

Si tu crois que tu pourrais avoir de la difficulté à rembourser ton prêt d'études intégré, des programmes s'offrent à toi afin de t'aider à maintenir le cap.

Renseigne-toi au sujet des possibilités de remboursement qui te sont proposées. Dans le cadre du nouveau Programme d'aide au remboursement (PAR), par exemple, tu seras assuré que la fraction fédérale de tes versements ne dépassera jamais un montant raisonnablement abordable pour toi.

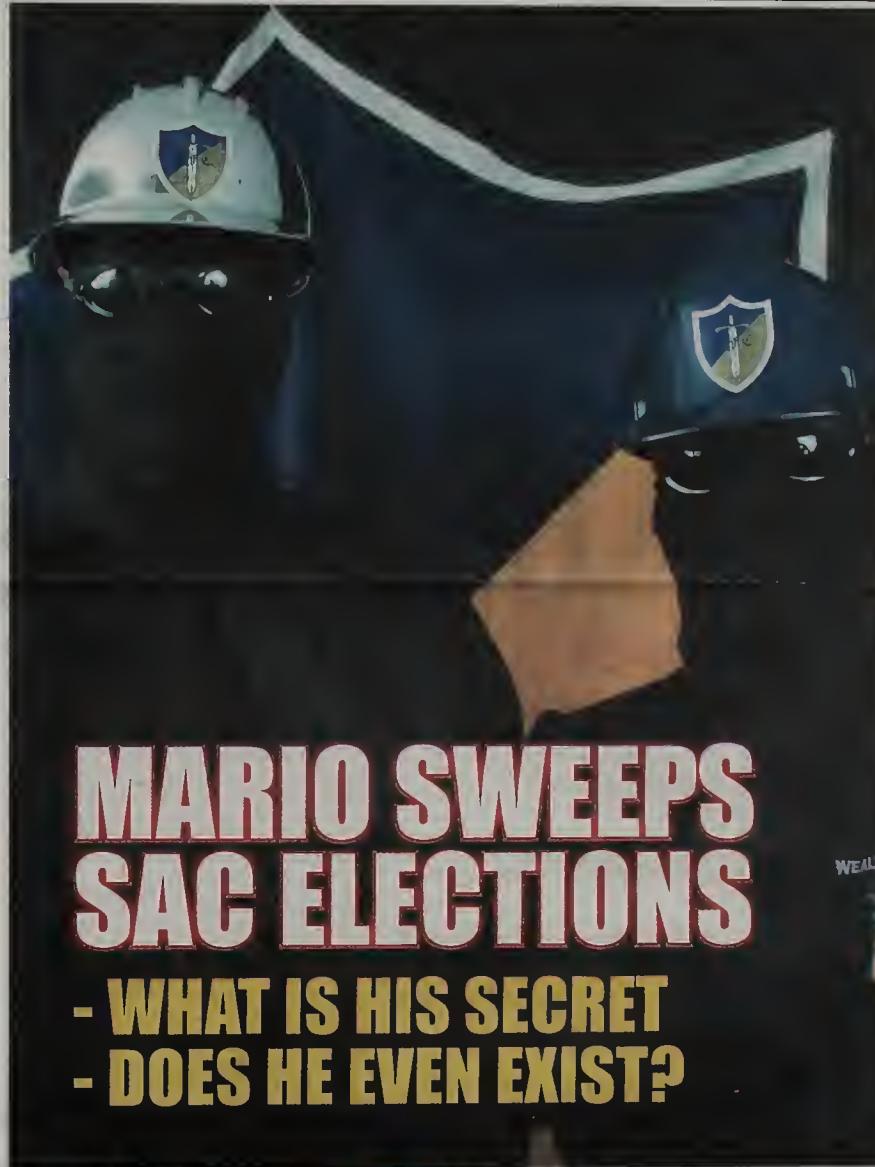
Pour plus de détails, visite la section **En vedette** du site cibletudes.ca.

Canada

THE MIGHTY BFC CANNON



STOLEN Coke Coke



**MARIO SWEEPS
SAC ELECTIONS**
- WHAT IS HIS SECRET
- DOES HE EVEN EXIST?

THERE IS NO PILE

OF BLUE HARDHATS



**JOIN !
JOIN !
JOIN !**

WE ARE WATCHING



YOU READING THIS

**WE DO NOT EXIST, WE NEVER HAVE
EXISTED, AND WE NEVER WILL EXIST**



STOLEN Toike Toike

Volume MCCCXXXVII — April 2009

By The Sword In Stone
University Of Torontohttp://www.mariosbakery.ca
email: mb@mariosbakery.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Mario Baker
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Mario's Ass
CONTRIBUTORS	Cavid Gease Holvin Aho Kinson Van Zeteven Zeto Suri Yagalov Gathy Krycko Willy Bong Ennifer Jeversley Lick Roberto Sharlsie Cearle Cyan Campbell Meo Lonaco Kubert Ha Christina Hicorli Lam Sane Mabrina Siguel Sdam Atina Strandon Beguin Mhenehy CcWaters Nah Centerfold Sisha Miztecyk

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Thanks to everyone who came out and got this thing done. The writers produce awesome content, the graphics team were mad editing, layout was a machine, and the Atrium mice were great inspiration. At least this year there isn't any worry of an army of retarded chicken zombies upstaging us!

COLOPHON

Much like the Toike Oike, the Stolen Toike Oike is also produced using a number of 1's and 0's.

WTF, JEEBUS?

No, this ain't a real Toike, Toto. And we're sure as hell aren't in Kansas anymore.

DISCLAIMER

This Toike wasn't meant to target anyone in particular; if you feel that way, so be it. We were just trying to target everyone in general. This publication isn't associated with the real Toike in any way (except for distribution, we figure), and certainly isn't connected with the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. So if you're really that offended because we were able to put this together, go take a hike somewhere and cool off.



SKULE™

THE MEN IN BLACK

Absolutely Zero Networks	Logical Algorithms And Architectural Anomalies
Bribery & Extortion	Men, Money & Margaritas
Death From Above	Mind Over Matter
Dischord and Mayhem	Motivation & Muscle
Elusive Appearances	Offensive Language
Erections	Ruthless Innocence
Extracting Secret Locations	Subversions & Perversions
Intelligent Design	Torture, Intimidation, Threats
Kontinuous Oscillations	Uncanny Subtlety
Latex & Oils	Unexpressed Desires
Lies & Propaganda	Wealth & Hellfire

DA CHIEF'S RANT

This is not going to be a letter about how much I've grown as a person, or how much I've enjoyed my time at Skule. If after four years you didn't enjoy your time at Skule/TM, you're doing it wrong. Sorry. Over my years at Skule I have noticed many things – the Atrium has become a disgusting disaster, SUDS has become empty, people are more concerned with keys and cool points than they are with being role models. This rant is addressed to those of you who helped make this happen.

Engineers like to say that they are all about spirit. What spirit? Why Skule spirit of course. But if you ask a current FIRDSH, or even some upper years, what Skule spirit means to them, few will be able to give you an answer worth your time. For the most part, "Skule spirit" is just a term people throw around when they say there is a problem with something – "there's not enough Skule spirit" – particularly when related to such awesome key phrases as the BFC, the LGMB or the Cannon. Skule spirit is much greater than these three institutions, and unfortunately few people realize this. Skule spirit is being proud of your faculty. Skule spirit is being proud of our achievements as Engineers. Skule spirit is the feeling of camaraderie you have to your fellow Skulemates no matter what discipline or year they're in, because while it is fun to poke at each other, at the end of the day, you're all in this together. Skule spirit is not about whom has the biggest keychain. Skule spirit is not about who can steal the most shit without being caught.

I agree with those of you that say that "Skule spirit is on the decline", but it is not because not enough people show up to my events, or to the LGMB events, or to SUDS. It is because nobody gives a fuck about anything other than themselves (the other popular keywords for this are apathy and selfishness, but I think they say it too mildly). We pretend that we are Skule Leaders, but really we are so self centered that we haven't even noticed that in the last twenty years the landscape has changed. What was fun yesterday may no longer be fun today, and trying to recreate that "perfect moment" of when "I was FIRDSH" is losing more people than it's gaining. Stop trying to relive the past. If each one of you went up to two random class members in your class and invited them out to SUDS, or to an event, or even asked them what they think, we would not be where we are today. Instead we form into cliques of people who are "like us", making fun of all those who are not "like us" for they do not have "Skule spirit". I call bullshit. Some of my closest friends are not in the BFC, do not attend LGMB events, and are not guards of the Cannon, nor do they know of their existence. They do not come to SUDS because they do not feel they belong. They don't run for Eng Soc because they don't feel they can fit in. Yet they care about the faculty of Engineering and Skule more than any of you can imagine – they give back through events they organize for ALL engineers, not just the select 100 few who have "Skule spirit".

To the FIRDSH: People say you suck, don't listen to them. This is not to say that you don't suck, you very well may, but don't let others decide this for you. I think the jury is still out on whether we have failed you as leaders, or if the residences and frat houses have been able to finally pick up the pace in getting you guys involved internally. The worrying and emerging fact is that many of you seem to be more interested in getting trashed

at a kegger than forming a bond with your Skulemates. Keggers, like most other things in moderation, have their places in Skule and the University experience, but they are not the only experience. Go out; get involved in clubs, societies, and other activities. Most importantly, always remember: Skule is the BIGGEST fraternity/sorority on campus, and it will accept you no matter who you are and even if you're purple. Especially if you're purple.

To the Leedurs: As a leader you are above all else a role model. Over my years at Skule too often I have seen leaders sitting around the atrium tables, acting "cool" while playing cards, chit chatting, and otherwise disturbing events in a non productive fashion. This type of behaviour propagates itself down and is very contagious – The FIRDSH resent you for not helping them, and when they become leaders, they continue this behaviour. I am very happy to say that this year this has been at an all time low. I'm certain that this has to do with the lack of FIRDSH at some events, but nonetheless it makes me quite happy to see upper years working together consistently on pranks, not just bossing FIRDSH around.

Unfortunately, there are other topics that have come up over the last few years that make me quite pissed off. Exploring is one of the coolest activities you can do on campus – you can discover new rooms, old buildings, places no one has seen for the last decade. Recently, there has been a complete and utter disregard for one of the most important mottos of exploring – take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints. Sounds pretty self explanatory, no? Take nothing. Leave nothing. This means don't steal, ever. Engineers are one of the few groups of people who still participate in exploring on campus, and when you break these rules you ruin it for absolutely everyone.

When did the atrium become your fucking pig sty? This is our home. We spend the better part of our four, five, six or seven years in this building, attending classes, going to SUDS, eating in the cafeteria, studying for exams, playing cards, pulling pranks, cheering on for Godiva week events and so much more. And yet, you think you have the right to throw 2x4s, forks, knives, sticks and stones into the atrium walls. You think you have the right to destroy seats that will be used by so many others. You think you have the right to destroy engcon because you don't like how it is. Who the hell are you to make this place such a disaster? Unless you are personally planning on fixing the damage you are causing and making a positive contribution to the Atrium Renovation Project, stop fucking doing it. It's not cool.

By the way, I don't know when it became cool to approach people you suspect to be a member of the BFC. But guess what. It is not cool. It has never been cool, and it will never be cool. This is not a contest, and you will not win a prize; unless you consider our continual annoyance a prize, in which case, congratulations.

To the faculty: I sincerely doubt any of you will read this article, and if you do, I doubt you will get this far. However, if by some chance you do, I'd like to share some thoughts. Your mostly irrational fear of being sued has completely tied the hands of the engineering students that you try so hard to promote to the rest of the world. You claim pride in your students, use them in videos, promotional photos, recruitment events and then turn around and slap them whenever they dare show any ingenuity. What you fail to realize is that most of the things we try to do are to raise awareness of our school, our faculty and our societies. Never do our students take any credit for the pranks or events they've pulled, only that Engineers do it. So the next time you decide charging students \$800 for the removal of a prank, consider this: one day, these same students may turn around and resent you. Is that the effect you want?

Although this is a rant, there are some things this year that have impressed me. The Year shirts this year have been absolutely incredible, from the IT1 Mech "Lego Man"/"Milk Crate Man", to the IT0 "Recession Proof Jobfair" to the FIRDSH Holiday Prank and Sticker Contest Submissions - I can't wait to judge them. To Eng Sci, Chem, and Civ: Congratulations on doing what few others care about any more – building a grad prank that properly shows the culmination of your knowledge, skills and learning at the University. Thank you to the Leedurs and FIRDSH who have made this year worthwhile by coming out, helping out, and having fun. Everything we do, we do for you.

Finally, to my Ministers: You are some of the most incredible people I have ever had the privilege and pleasure of working with. Together we have had one of the most successful years in recent history, pulled off some of the most amazing events, and had a ton of fun doing it (which is practically unheard of). You deserve all the credit that unfortunately you don't always get, and I wish you all the best in your future endeavors. I truly have nothing but praise for you because you have never let me down. Thank you.

So... how about that Sword In the Stone? Have you seen it? It's so fucking shiny.

Disrupto Ergo Sum,
Mario Baker



Don't like what you're reading?

Go fuck yourself

NEWS BRIEFS

POLICE SUSPECT NSBE IN DRIVE-BY

Toronto - The Mice discovered the body of 22 year-old Eng Sci student, Jonathan Asnis, last Saturday Morning sprawled out on the Monopoly board in the Atrium. The coroner's report confirms that the cause of death was multiple gunshot wounds. Unfortunately, he didn't pass GO. The engineering group, NSBE, are currently the top suspects. When asked to speak about the incident, a representative from the group stated "That fucking racist Nazi deserves it, good riddance." All funding to the National Society of Biomedical Engineers has since been cut.

MB STABS VIRGIN FIROSH

GB QUAD - A light show of spectacle went up in flames after a local Baker was caught stabbing a virgin in the groin on a particular Thursday night. The identity of the Firosh has been kept confidential until her 19 birthday. At first the Firosh was horrified at having her cherry popped, but later she couldn't stop begging for more. It's not every year that Baker gets to make a Firosh moan from both pain and pleasure. The main detective on the case first suspected Colonel Mustard, in the library, with the rope, but later reports revealed shards of broken glass at the scene. A bystander described the incident as, "I wish it was me! I love shards of glass flying into my special area!" Sources who regularly purchase fresh cookies from Baker hint to foul play (and maybe foreplay) as the reason for his outburst. When asked about the assault, the Baker was speechless. The event has since been covered up and made as though it has never existed.

BFC SAVES THE WATERLOO TOOL

After receiving a gift from Waterloo, the BFC decided to show their appreciation by spoiling plants to steal their mascot, the tool. Bob Rumpelstiltskin had been planning to steal the tool for quite a while it seems. When Waterloo made their usual Toronto pub crawl, he saw a lonely UWWaterloo lady as an opportunity. \$75 of free drinks, a little bit of charm and a snug-fit condom later, he was invited to their term party, where the tool makes one of its rare annual appearances.

"Hello my fellow U of T engineers!" I yelled when they walked in, in an attempt to be friendly, knowing they were there to ruin my plans." Bob comments. "I had originally wanted to steal the tool for Skule pride. But now, with an unsatisfied girlfriend in Toronto and a now sober, unsatisfied hoochie mama in Waterloo, I really needed that tool to feel like a bit of a man again."

MOOSE VS. NOOSE

There are certain words that are just weird. Words like "work", "flob", and "grease". Some would argue that any word sounds weird if you say them over and over. Phonetically these words are weird. The comment was made that the word "noose" is weird. All were in agreement save one who asked "does that mean the word 'moose' is weird?" So ladies and gentlemen here it is. The reason why the word "noose" is weird but "moose" is not. The physical rope knot called a noose is not weird. The weirdest thing about a noose is its name. The weirdest thing about a moose on the other hand is its dumbfuck appearance.



DA ASS' RANT

I can't believe this year is finally over. It has certainly been a very interesting one at that. The year started off with a bang, literally with the introduction of the sword in the stone. For those of you who haven't seen it, get off your lazy asses and go check it out.

It never ceases to amaze me how much the faculty really doesn't care about their undergrads. Seriously, it seems as though they keep charging us more and giving us less. From what I hear undergraduate tuition for the Firosh has now broken \$10,000. It is unbelievable how much it costs to get a decent education.

Speaking of Firosh, I would like to thank the Firosh who came to help with pranks this year. I would further like to thank the handful of Firosh who showed up almost all the time and actually helped out, you guys are the reason we do this. Your prank was cute, and I look forward to seeing more from you guys over the years.

Leadurs, I would like to congratulate you on a year well done. Without the contribution from you guys, we could not have run the amazing pranks we did this year. However, you are the role models of Skule Spirit to anyone younger than you. Please remember that.

As the Ass, money is my specialty. I love

finance, I love dealing with finances, and I love reading about ridiculous things relating to finance. In the recent Engineering Society election, the student body barely approved a levy, which for the most part funds the thesis projects of multiple graduate students. People so blindly give away money to levy's, but will somehow turn around and cry when the price of chips increases by 25 cents.

Every two years, levy's are passed by a "Majority", which is about 5-6% (~10% voter turnout in this years election). I don't blame the Engineering Society, I blame the extreme student apathy. It angers me that people protest tuition increases, but yet only 10% of the student body votes on increased fees of up to \$185/year. To make matters worse, we pay more money to fund the protests and lobbying through UTSU fees. Just to clarify once again, I am not against or for any of the levy's in particular, what pisses me off is that people complain about paying high tuition, but yet are completely fucking apathetic to money matters which are IN YOUR CONTROL. In this last election, more than 300 votes were cast in either direction would get you a majority. 300 votes... Now many of you may blame EngSoc for this turnout, but I applaud their efforts. They unlike most people, are actively trying to

address the issue, and make policy changes accordingly. But I feel as though the problem does not lie in marketing, or polling locations. No, the problem lies in the idiotic and naive student body. You all got the email about the election, but you just couldn't give a shit. I wish there was a way to make all of you idiots pay for my levy's. You may ask yourself why the Chiefs Ass is ranting about student apathy, when he should be talking about Skule Spirit. Well in my opinion all of this is Skule Spirit. Skule Spirit is everything, and any apathy, whether it be toward student politics or pranks, is against Skule Spirit. Apathy, is the theme to this rant, and the bane of my existence as a student leader.

And another thing. If you are going to show up to a prank, please do something. I cannot count the number of people who show up to pranks, and do absolutely nothing. It really grinds my gears when people show up, do nothing, and pretty much encourage others to do nothing. It is unfucking believable how many times this happens. If you are not going to help, don't show up. Distracting everyone turns a 2 hour prank into an all night prank.

The second theme to my rant is "The Big Picture". I don't think many people know what this is. If you care more about your



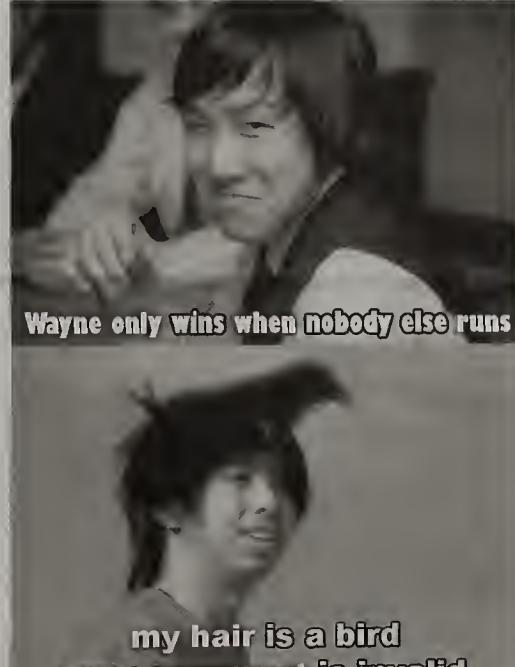
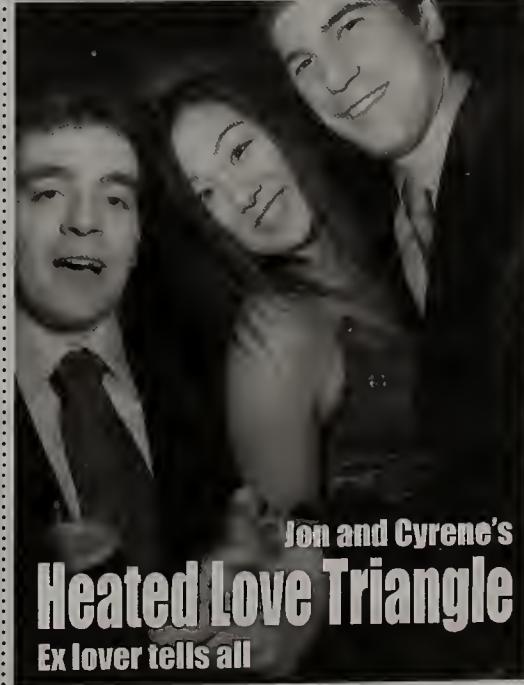
own personal gain than the gain of society, I am speaking to you. Grow up. You are for the most part now adults, and need to realize that this isn't high school anymore. All the keys in the world won't make you cool. Being a good person makes you cool. Showing people cool things for their benefit is cool. Helping everyone have a good time is cool. These things may not get you cool points, but they will make you less of a douchebag.

Lastly, to the ministers. You guys are some of the best people I've worked with. The BFC has accomplished so much this year. I would like to specially thank the group who put so many hours into working on the sword project, as well as the group who worked on the epic remembrance day prank. They were both huge projects which turned out to be worth every minute spent on them. Thank you.

Marios Ass 07B-079

HOT EXCLUSIVE!! LOVE TRIANGLE

The startling revelation Monday of the long standing relationship between teen heart throb Jonathan Asnis and cougar Yuri Sagalov somewhat explains Jonathan's silence this last week during the Cyrene Wu photo uproar. Suddenly, Cyrene's London hotel photo shoot makes a little more sense... It is the kind of desperate stunt a lovesick teenage girl might pull to try and save a romance gone wrong. A little reminder of what he was missing... youth... She definitely portrayed youth in her photos... As if having the photos published for the world on the internet were not embarrassing enough, Cyrene now has this public humiliation to rub salt into the wound. "I first met Jon at a fabulous party that my ex-husband David Clease was hosting with several of his dearest friends, including Ryan Campbell, Kevin P. Siu, and Daniel Cooperman" recalled Sagalov in his first interview about his new relationship. "I know I had sworn that my days as a cougar were behind me, but once I saw the blond dyed streaks in Jon's hair, his bright orange self-tanned skin, and the way he practically floats on the screen, I knew he was too much man for me to resist."



my hair is a bird
your argument is invalid

Can't read my... Can't read my... Pokerface







A Minister's Rant

With another year coming to an end many will spend the next few months reveling in their own glory and congratulating themselves on how awesome they are. They will tell their family and friends how cool Skule is and how much random fun they had. They'll start planning the coming year to be a carbon copy of this one, with the intent of recreating all that past fun. Others will devote their time to thinking of ways to improve the things that we, the students, managed to do well and more importantly the things we managed screwed up. Unfortunately the few people who try to take it upon themselves to grow and develop the many facets of Skule are overshadowed by the egos of those who make their way into positions of influence by doing whatever it takes to be cool. It's the followers who live their life by the unwritten textbook of how to be popular who cause organizations like Eng Soc and the BFC to become stagnant and border on irrelevancy. These are the people who become so consumed with executing a prank or becoming someone's bitch so that they can eventually be their successor that they lose sight of what is important and of where the line is. What Skule needs are energetic and creative people who can responsibly push the boundaries of what the varying forms of administration let us do. What Skule has too many of is immature idiots who think that they'll get noticed if they slap together a showy prank or blindly follow the lead of an upper year who is adamant that he knows what he's doing. It's the lack of planning and the assumption that previous years have done it 'best' that lead to messy situations which can't always be solved by an 'Oh sorry, it's just a prank - we'll clean it up'. And unfortunately the messy situations can have consequences that go beyond the handful of people involved. If we are going to be innovative at pranking and partying as the

faculty seems to think we are at engineering someone has to step up to the plate. The problem is that despite the line-ups of people being groomed - or attempting to groom themselves - for Skule's countless positions of power no one is willing to take responsibility for their actions if shit hits the fan. By either passing the blame or downplaying the severity of a fuck-up all we're doing is reminding the faculty and administration why we're too immature to be given more freedom to play. It will also force the administration to tighten their leash on us and take up zero-tolerance policies that can hurt countless Skule clubs and teams who inadvertently get caught up in our games.

Taking responsibility for yourself, your committee and your followers will send the message to the younger generation of Skulematics that no one and no organization is invincible. Teaching Fresh how to be clever and cunning while still respecting authority - or at least not shitting on their lawn - will save Skule from the downside that's been slowly creeping in for years. Creativity and responsibility are not mutually exclusive qualities.

There are quite a few smart up and comers who have the potential to shake up the system and inject some new energy and passion into our tired hallways. But we can't be afraid to get caught or too proud to admit defeat. All we need is a reality check and a little perspective. Being clever will always be superior to being cool and being responsible will always trump being self-righteous. So step up and take as much responsibility for your failures as you do your successes. You'll probably feel like a huge sack of shit at the time, but in the end you'll be a better person for it and ultimately, it's that - not a fancy coloured hat that matters most.

COOL POINTS RE-IMAGINED

SF Atrium (Skule) The runaway success of the Skulepoints phenomenon has been one of the epic successes of the Jon Asmis administration. Never before have douchy, sycophantic losers been able to realize their dreams of pretending to be popular and important. "We were hoping for some involvement, but the interest has really been flattering" said Engineering Society President Jon Asmis when told that people only pretended to have conversations with him in an effort to gain more points. "We thought students might first resist the idea of a points system which quantifies their involvement, but the acceptance rate was phenomenal" said VP Student Life Jimmy Lu when informed that his foiby hairstyle was double-parked on Galbraith Road. While denial over terrible haircuts is the first sign of mandatory forced sterility,

Jimmy isn't worried. "I once completed a sentence correctly" said the learning-disabled officer after consulting his dictionary and using a lifetime to call a friend, "Jon should really cut his fingernails" exclaimed VP Finance Cyrene Wu, unprompted. "He doesn't score any Skulepoints when he leaves me all scratched up insi- ARE YOU WRITING THIS OWN?" screamed the Officer when she realized that reading and writing were abilities round-eyes also possessed.

"I haven't really been much of fan of this system from the beginning" said VP External George Missios, honestly. "It seems to be that it just draws out the biggest douches who would blow seventeen BFC Ministers for a stupid patch or something" Mr. Missios continued, much to this writer's content. "Angelo Staikos has the most Skulepoints

and he's not even in engineering. Why don't they just feed the retards who put this system in place a big bag of shit and get it over with?" cried the Officer. "Caryl and I sometimes share the same chair. Sometimes he sits on my lap, and sometimes I sit on his. It all depends on who's turn it is on top" volunteered VP Communications John Matienzo. After this writer commented that the Officer may have offered too much information, VP Academic Oaryl Maris exclaimed "It's my turn today" and jumped onto John's welcoming lap. President-elect, Jimmy Lu was offered the last words in this article. "Skulepoints is here to stay" he said emphatically, adding "My pants are around my ankles... is Caryl and John busy?"

Some may know him as "that guy who wanders around the atrium". Some may know him as "that guy who always gives me props". But who could have guessed that Danny Swartz would eventually be known as the saviour of the recession. It was during this year's annual charity date auction that he decided to make a move. With bids on dates ranging from \$10 to \$125 the event was well on its way to being just as successful as a slave auction in rural Alberta. All was going according to plan until one lonely engsc girl stepped up to the auction block. Christina Facial has been a part of the charity date auction in prior years and was no stranger to whoring herself out for money. But even she had no idea what lay in store for her. With bid increments of single dollars everyone was wondering when the auctioneers would put everyone out of their misery and move on to the next date. It was with-

out warning and without provocation that Swartz made his presence known bidding a whole \$10 dollars higher. It was the spark that started the bidding war as people realized what was going through Swartz's head. Even though this girl wasn't worth it and the Skule Nite tickets she came with were probably for a night he had a Bar Mitzvah the economy was worth it. Bids flew and shock ran through the crowd. The room went silent when Swartz called out \$480. There was a pause where not even the auctioneers knew what to do. Again Swartz stepped up to the plate outbidding himself past \$500. The atrium of onlookers looked on. The looking on continued until Swartz felt he made his point plus he needed enough left for condoms just in case. Desperation is no reason to chance getting herpes. An exasperated auctioneer said "sold for \$540" and the crowd erupted into applause(laughter).

In other news Swartz sets personal best record for number of girls asked out in one year.

Man Saves Economy

United States president Barack Obama will be presenting the University of Toronto, Faculty of Applied Science with a plaque commemorating the great contribution this Skule™mate has made to helping pull America and the world out of a recession. President Obama said "this man's audacity is an example for all. All he had was hope and his parent's financial backing to procreate". Peruvian President Alan Garcia Perez had no comment. One ticket to Skule Nite - \$16. Box of Durex Condoms - \$10.99. Sitting awkwardly beside Christina Facial for 3 hours - \$540. Having the balls to drop that kinda dough on that kinda ho - Priceless.

A Salute to Fleshlights

In tough economic times, people all over are cutting back on consumption of decadent goods, and women are no exception. The cost of keeping a woman happy in recent months has remained stable while the ability of men to afford to do so has plummeted. Many men now are searching for alternatives, but the best solution is clearly the flesh light. With its easily life-like silicon mouth/vagina/ass/non-descript hole, the flesh light is the ideal male masturbation tool.

But what of the financial aspects of the flesh light? Yes, it's true the flesh light does cost more than your average date from Jarvis, or Church if that's what fits your fancy. However, the flesh light's capacity for long term, discretionary fucking makes its ergonomic value quickly surpass their living, breathing,



MAN FRAKS CYLON WOMAN

No one surprised Battlestar Galactica (Colonial Fleet) It started as an innocent crush. Or. Gaius Baltar wasn't looking for a hot blonde with tits that would make a Gemenon priest pull his stiff Viper out of the local farbboys. He was looking for... a brUNETte with tits that would make a Toaster grow a chubby. Nevertheless, it was love at first side-boob-glimpse. Dr. Baltar doesn't quite remember what first attracted him to Caprica Six but was quoted as saying "... probably my throbbing dick". Love like this clearly transcends human-Cylon relations and gives us all a glimpse of our dim, morbid futures, where we are all subjected to fucking identically hot blonde women. Or Asians. Too bad Xena's line got boxed and the last one left decided to stick it out on Earth... err, fake Earth. While Or. Baltar's numerous indiscretions with Caprica Six ultimately led to the demise of billions of humans, he doesn't let this guilt

weigh him down. "Most of them were Geemenons and Saggitarians anyways" said Dr. Baltar with his characteristic shit-eating grin. With their love for each other secure, Or. Baltar and Caprica Six are both looking forward to spending the rest of their lives together toiling in hard labour in the plains of Africa. When asked what they plan to do when they finally settle down, Dr. Baltar replied "I know about farming... sob* sob* manly-crying* sob*". Are there possibly children in their future, if he's able to sink his Colonial One in Six's Eye of Jupiter? "Or. Baltar replied before running off towards a group of spear-bearing male hunter-gatherers. Caprica Six replied by saying "FRAK!" and shooting herself in the head, thus bringing further logic to a convoluted plotline.

ASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

HYBRI needed to steer my fleet directly into the Sun. This is not a joke. Admiral Adama, 263-5989.

MOUTHY DOCTOR with a fake American accent needed to mock me as he performs a diagnosis. I think I have Lupus. 263-1289.

QEAN OF ENGINEERING. Must have a hot accent and respond to me when I call. 263-7584.

QIVINE INTERVENTION needed to provide an explanation for the past four years of on-the-fly writing we've been doing. Ron Moore, 263-1267.

ECONOMIC STIMULATOR. Must bring me to orgasm in less than three minutes and run on AA batteries. 263-3878.

GREASY PEG-LEGGEO homosexual needed to help me lead a mutiny against the government and military. The presidency will be mine! Zarek, 263-5398.

WEALTHY AMERICAN CELEBRITIES needed to purchase our third world babies. 263-1323.

FRAK-BUOY needed for one-night stands in my cot. The ability to frak silently an asset since I sleep in the same room as an entire Viper squadron. People with peg legs don't bother calling, but peg-like toys are welcome. Kara, 263-9498.

MALE PARTNER needed to participate in a consensual match of homo slomo vball. Must have killer abs and no serious character flaws. Maverick, 263-7748.

ECONOMIC STIMULATOR. Must bring me to orgasm in less than three minutes and run on AA batteries. 263-3878.

MERCH WANTED

QUANTUM GEMERALO. Must fit in my arus. Yuri, 263-8379.

FORESKIN. The doctors in the maternity ward made a horrible mistake. Jesse, 263-3948.

GENERAL MOTORS CO. Asking price: two packs of gum, a bottle of gin and a pair of socks... or best offer. 263-3923.

SOBER PICTURES of myself. Oavid Hasselhoff, 263-0583.

APPROPRIATE VOWEL needed to complete the word "n_gger". Randy, 263-5656.

TEMPLAR ARCHIVES needed to upgrade my forces. En taro Adu, Executor! Aldaris, 263-4734.

ECONOMIC STIMULUS. Must be long enough to tickle my prostate. 263-0584.

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. My past experiences with women have led me to believe that I have to pay for this product. Cooperman, 263-1390.

HUMAN-CYLON HYBRI needed to ensure the future of my civilization. Cavill, 263-3342.

MERCH FOR SALE

COLONIAL VIPER. May contain traces of semen. Lee, 263-8574.

MUSHROOM STAMPS. Can be applied directly to any part of your body! Steve, 263-4549.

EYE OF JUPITER gloryhole. I will supernova all over your face! Baltar, 263-3536.

BUKKAKE SHOTS. Available at a Burger King near you! 263-1372.

BATTLESTAR. Used, slightly burnt. Comes complete with a photo wall of dead people you don't know and a paraplegic vegetable sleeping in a bathtub of goo. A great fixer-upper for a young couple looking to start a family... in the Sun. Adama, 263-2890.

PORK WRAPPED STEAK STUFFED IN A TURKEY. No animals were harmed in the making of this delicious product. 263-1498.

HOLY 81BLE. Good for hollowing out and storing your hash. Some pages dog-eared. 263-8290.

PUNCHING BAG. Has taken more beatings than Rihanna. 263-8299.

ARROW OF APOLLO. Points the way to Earth. Real Earth, not the fake one you bastard hybrid descendants live on. Rosin, 263-3847.

COMICS



Black Family Channel

TWO WENCHES ONE GOBLET



GLASS

THIS IS A TALE OF EVENTS WHICH
BATH INVERTED MY LIFE AND LED
TO MY EVENTUAL APPOINTMENT
AS HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE
BEL AIR TOWNSHIP

BEGAT AND REARED IN WESTERN
PHILADELPHIA SPENDING MANY A
DAY BECOMING FRIGID WHILST
FILLING BASKETS ADJACENT TO
THE ACADEMY

RVFFIANS RAN RAMPANT THROUGH THE
VILLAGE A SCUFFLE ENSUED PROMPTING MY
FEARFUL MOTHER TO CHANGE NINE DOMICILE
TO THAT WITH OUR KIN IN BEL AIR

I SUMMONED A CART WHICH APPEARED MOST
GAVDY NONTHELESS I BESEECHED THE
DRIVER TO TAKE ME TO BEL AIR

ARRIVING BARELY AFTER NIGHTFALL I BID
THE KNAVE GOODBYE AS I RELISHED MY
ARRIVAL AT MY NEW PLACE OF RESIDENCE



Ninjas can't catch you if you combo the whole song



Ninjas can't catch you if you kill yourself.



Ninjas can't catch you if you're the gingerbread man



Ninjas can't catch you if you don't exist



Tool Tool Big Fucking Wrench (3x)



Ye Olde Mighty Skule Sword
HONOUR IT, RESPECT IT, PROTECT IT

Stay Tuned for our special
May Issue
at York U!

York University students will be pleased to learn of our special bonus issue coming out in May. The “issue”, while consisting largely of undistributed February papers, will be strewn around York University campus shortly after we finish exams.